



# THE DEMOCRAT.

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## Democratic Ticket, 1852.

FOR PRESIDENT,

STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS, of Illinois.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

R. M. T. HUNTER, of Virginia.

FRIDAY, : : : FEBRUARY 20, 1852.

### FOR SALE AT THE DESK.

Copies of the Daily Paper can be procured at the desk, with or without envelopes, at 5 cents per single copy or 35 cents per dozen.

Whiz editors, and our neighbor amongst the rest, can't let a compliment to Mr. Clay in a democratic paper pass without noticing the great injury the democrats have done him in time past—great and irreparable injury, they say.

Now, Mr. Clay has, during a great portion of his life, advocated political doctrines at variance with the sentiments of the democratic party, and therefore he has had no reason to expect their support in his political aspirations. But how have his own party treated him? In 1840, he was set aside, when he was anxious for the nomination for the presidency, not for a man who stood high with his party, but for one who had no claim but availability. In 1846, he was again disposed of for one who had never even voted—who was preferred because he was not like Henry Clay—an ultra whig. There is every reason to believe that Mr. Clay felt more keenly this conduct of his own party than he ever did the assaults of his opponents.

In his last efforts in the Senate on the compromise, he saw how little avail were all his remonstrances and all his arguments with his own party, particularly in the free States. Not one of the latter stood by him at last. He found himself voting with 12 or 14 democrats from that action, to save the Union, as he verily believed. How little heed did they pay to his wishes. When he opposed the whig administration, he was censured in some whig quarters, and openly denounced in others, until he well nigh lost confidence in his own party, and was compelled to trust mainly to his opponents. Recently he wrote, we are informed, to a friend in Louisiana, advising the whigs to send Downs back to the Senate, which was treated by the party with the most marked neglect.

To-be-true, the whigs have a thousand times exhausted the vocabulary of fulsome laudation in Mr. Clay's behalf. If the incense of flattery could make amends for neglect, Mr. Clay could not complain. They have even slandered him by efforts to make a saint of him—an honor he did not aspire to in days past; and which the rest of mankind could not grant. The whigs have vastly overdone the matter in words, which are a very cheap commodity; but in deeds they have been guilty of divers shortcomings. They have themselves defeated him by piling up their credit upon him—a weight sufficient to crush any man, however great.

The truth is, Henry Clay has been the glory and the ruin of the whig party. He is instinctively a progressive—a man of originality and boldness; and therefore a dangerous leader of a conservative party, which never has the courage to sustain the policy of such a leader. His greatest fault appears to have been a want of any consistent theory of the federal government. He has been the man of the hour, ready to settle the questions by some agreed compromise for the occasion, without regard to any fixed principle that would last beyond the moment.

His course is nearly at its termination. He is a great man, and his name will go down with his country's history; but he will not leave behind him any monument in the legislation of his country; or a single principle that owes its existence to his exertions.

**SONGS OF THE HEART AND THE HEARTH-STONE.** A beautiful volume of over three hundred pages, containing the poetical works of Mrs. Rebecca S. Nichols, was laid on our table yesterday. The intelligent reader need not be told of the merits of this accomplished lady's productions. They are now in a volume handsomely bound and beautifully embellished by engravings. It is gotten up by Cuperthwaite & Co., of Philadelphia, and Desilver, of Cincinnati, and is in the best style.

**CRIME AND INSANITY.**—About two weeks since a Mr. Mitchell of Wayne township, Noble county, Ind., was convicted of criminal intimacy with another man's wife, and both were lodged in jail to await trial at the Circuit Court. They were in a few days released on a writ of habeas corpus.

The wife of Mitchell saw her brightest hopes blasted, the foundations of peace and happiness torn away—life become a blank—her son tottered under the burden of despair—and she became a raving maniac; and has been sent to the Asylum for the Insane at Indianapolis. Such are the results of crime.

**MORE FRAUD.**—The New York Tribune learns that a man who has held the control in that city of imported goods belonging to houses in Philadelphia and Boston, has been raising the wind by borrowing money upon the invoice, instead of delivering the goods to the owners.

**COAL & COAL.**—Capt. Naglee, who was charged with perpetrating frauds upon the government by means of forged land warrants, and who was taken to Washington from Philadelphia for his trial, was honorably acquitted on the 12th inst.

**OHIO TERRITORY.**—By late advices from Salt Lake we learn that the site for the seat of government has been determined. The new city is called *Filmore*, and is in a county called *Millard*. Judge Snow had organized the court of the second judicial district at the city of Mantz, in the county of San Pete.

**UPS AND DOWNS.**—Jacob Little & Co., the well known Wallstreet operators, have realized some \$250,000 by the rise in stocks, and other lucky changes, within the last three months. Simon Draper, Esq., made the handsome sum of \$20,000 by his recent purchase and sale of the lots in Astor Place.

During one day last week, Col. Daniel S. Biser, one of the flour inspectors of Baltimore, inspected 3,500 barrels of flour, which is said to be the largest quantity ever before inspected by one person in a single day.

We take the following extracts from the Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune:

You heard by the last steamer of the proscript of about 90 members of the late National Assembly. I could not find, saving the first day or two after the appearance of the decree, that it had caused any deep sensation! But it cannot be denied that upon reflection, after having slept upon it, the people begin to appreciate the action a different light, and look beyond the immediate future to the remote consequences. The movement of these ex-representatives has produced a painful impression. Every one finds some friend or acquaintance among the proscribed, and all can pick out some one exile, whose democracy, or even socialism did not deserve banishment for its rebuke. The government organs allege no other motive than necessity, and the Constitutional sympathies earnestly with the poignant grief that the "generous heart" of the President must have suffered when he found himself compelled to exhibit a portion of his fellow-countrymen to the world.

**French Rifles.**—Sir Charles Shaw, in a letter published in the London Times, calls attention to the greater superiority of the rifles used in the recent Algerian war.

**Pennsylvania.**

French rifles may be very superior, but French marksmen are certainly most contemptible!

An American backwoodsman will hit at

an hundred yards, a silver pip; but a Frenchman, after many trials, at thirty paces, can't hit a peacock!—Civ. Eng.

From the Memphis Eagle and Enquirer.

**THE IRON HORSE.**

BY L. VIRGINIA SMITH.

From the caverns of Art, in the hills of the North, Sprang a proud created coursier, exulting forth;

By the spirit of steam was his breathing upborne,

For the strong it grants his steeds were torn,

For the weak it gives the iron horse fire,

O'er his iron bound bosom, and pulses of flame

Away!—on his mission of power and pride,

Asswings the bold eagle the tempest to ride—

Or swift to the bolts of the fair flashing levin,

When the storm is abroad on the dark rolling heaven,

With his cloud-bursting nostrils and frontlet of flame

Through the deep-crowded pile of the populous heart,

The thick thrashing pulse of the great city's heart,

Where a swarming humanity waves and reels,

All weary with their fate driven wheels—

The iron horse dashes through the iron way,

The fierce-plunging charger dashed houghly on,

As a spirit of doom by the solitude lone,

Where Death sits slott on the grave-gilded throne,

Where shunners a silent and shadowy throng,

The dead bounched still came staggering along—

For the lightning was thundershielded dead,

Like the wild wavy hair of the golden horse,

As the wild horses in imagination toos,

With their ocean of darkness ahead,

# THE DEMOCRAT.

FRIDAY, : : FEBRUARY 20, 1852.

**DOINGS IN THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.** — A committee of the Virginia House of Delegates has reported in favor of electing the judges of the courts of justice, under the new constitution, on the fourth Thursday of April next, and directing that their terms of office commence on the first of July ensuing. Another report was made against empowering the Governor to appoint a majority of the members of each of the bank directors of the State. A bill was passed disabling any person concerned in a duel from holding office. The House has adopted the resolutions inquiring into the expediency of instituting suits against the bridge companies at Pittsburg and Brownsville, for obstructing the navigation of the Monongahela river.

**HOGS PACKED IN THE WEST.** — The Cincinnati Price Current, of Wednesday, presents a detailed statement of the hogs packed in the West last season. The statement shows the total deficiency to be 182,002.

## RECAPITULATION.

Ohio,	1851-'52.	1850-'51.
Indiana,	461,076	443,700
Illinois,	359,761	359,754
Iowa,	174,671	237,535
Kentucky,	27,500	70,500
Missouri,	58,160	107,274
Tennessee,	199,300	205,914
Green & Cumberland rivers, S. 5,000	24,000	
	1,258,975	1,457,396
		1,285,975

**Deficiency.** — West of White river, Bedford, Indiana, 6,600. Shissontown and Grayville, 5,000.

Total deficiency, 182,021.

There are some points in Iowa and Missouri still to hear from. The deficiency has been in the States of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Southern Kentucky, and Tennessee. This decrease is attributable to the inadequate supply of corn in those States, the crop having been greatly deficient the last two years in Missouri, Illinois, and Iowa; and the low price of hogs in 1849, and the subsequent high prices of corn, induced farmers to sell the latter instead of feeding hogs, and hence, since 1849, there has been a rapid decline in the hog crop of those States. In Ohio and Indiana the supply of corn the last season was ample; and prices being low, it was fed freely to hogs, and the result is that there is in both States an increase in number.

**Mysterious Circumstance.** — A letter from Acapulco, dated the 10th ult., relates a most singular circumstance concerning the finding of a vessel at sea, the brig *E. Randall*, of Cambridge, Mass., a well known vessel on the Pacific coast, which has been engaged for some time in the passenger trade between Panama and San Francisco. She was picked up at sea by a Chilean vessel in about lat. 8, lon. 93, five hundred miles from land. When found, her sails were all furled, her chains run out without an anchor, and not a soul on board. There was part of a bag of flour in the cabin, and a little water in the casks. No papers or log book were found, and no officers or sailors' chest. The brig did not look as if she had been robbed at sea; and if we suppose that she got away from her anchorage at San Juan Del Sur, Rostego, or any other place, and drifted with the winds and currents so far to sea, how can we account for the absence of the log book, or the fact that she should be so completely deserted in a foreign port?

**That Goshen butter at Moore & Campbell's is excellent.** We have tried it. Go and do likewise.

**It will be seen from our advertising columns that Sherman Whaley has removed his Clothing Store to a house just below Fourth, on Market. A new building is going up on the old stand at the corner of Third and Market, which he will re-occupy as soon as finished. In the mean time his assortment is full, and he is ready to see his friends and customers at his present stand.**

**Theatre.** — The grand military spectacle entitled "Putnam" or the "Iron Son of '76," which was received with immense applause last night, will be presented again to-night. Miss Emma Baker the charming little dancer, will appear in several favorite dances. The performance to conclude with a popular farce.

**S. P. Secor, on Market street, between Fourth and Fifth, is selling out his entire stock of boots, shoes, &c., at cost. We advise those in search of bargains to give him a call.**

**There are in the United States 1,004 cotton factories, and 1559 woolen factories now in operation.**

**Sugar Tax.** — The New Orleans Bulletin no longer a copy of sugar at *actual* rate. — This is the first transaction of the kind that has been reported, and the Bulletin says it is satisfactory to both parties, the planter having obtained a better price for his crop than he could have realized at the old commercial rate of ten per cent., and the buyer receiving the full amount that he pays for.

(Reported for the Louisville Democrat.)

**POLICE COURT.**

HON. JOHN JOTER, JUDGE.

TUESDAY, Feb. 19, 1852.

Michael Monahan, Morris Handley, and John Herbert, were up on a charge of riotous and disorderly conduct. There were about a hundred Irishmen congregated at the Mississippi House, on Water street, yesterday. One of them assaulted Charles Connor, who, considering "discretion the better part of valor," took to his heels and made for the steamer Sultan. The Irishmen pursued him, but failing that he would outrun them, commenced pelting him with brick bats. He, however, reached the boat in safety, his pursuers sending a shower of stones after him. Each of the accused protested that he was there merely as a looker-on; but it was proven that they had taken an active part in the affair. Bail was required of each of them in \$100 for their appearance to answer for a misdemeanor.

James L. Carter, for drunkenness — was held to bail in \$100 for one month.

Emily Clark and Ellen Hale, for same offense, were held to bail in \$200 each, for three months.

Dixon Levers took final oath.

George Steed was brought in from the Work House and arraigned for the murder of Eliza Long. It was proven that she had been beaten very severely some three weeks ago; but there was some doubt in the minds of the physicians as to whether the wounds then inflicted, or previously contracted disease, had caused her death. Accused was committed in default of bail in \$2,500, to answer to a charge of manslaughter.

**The Wabash river had 10 feet water in the channel, at Vincennes, on Thursday.**

**The cats are now running from Michigan City to Chicago.**

**The last sail on the Terre Haute and Indianapolis railroad was laid on Saturday last.**

**The population of New York city is estimated at 512,000.**

**The Kentucky Star is the name of a new paper recently started at Covington, Kentucky.**

**A petition is before the Maine Legislature to prohibit the use of tobacco.**

**The favorite steamer Fashion leaves for St. Louis to-day.**

**The swift and staunch steamer George town departs for New Orleans this afternoon.**

**The Gen. Pike is off on the Mound city, this morning, at an early hour. All aboard!**

**Gen. Horatio Davis has been appointed Adjutant General of Louisiana.**

**A grand ball is to be given by Mr. J. P. Funk, at Jeffersonton, on Friday, 27th inst.**

**Louis Napoleon, according to the "John Bull," passed two days in London lately, inconspicuous.**

**The consumption of tea for the year 1851 was 55,511,215 pounds.**

**R. Glover, of Kentucky, has been appointed by the President, Consul for Vera Cruz.**

**Rhode Island has abolished capital punishment.**

**P. S. Barber & Co. will on Saturday introduce their spring style of hats.**

**Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, has sufficiently recovered to resume his seat in the House of Representatives.**

**An attempt was made on Wednesday night to enter the residence of L. L. Shreve, Esq.**

**The Ball of the Mechanic Fire company at the Odd Fellows' Hall last night was largely attended.**

**Kossuth every day receives large numbers of visitors at Cincinnati, many of whom make him presents of handsome sums of money.**

**Thos. B. Weatherford announces himself a candidate for night watchman in the first ward at the ensuing election.**

**California widows are abundant in Michigan; two hundred married men having left one woman, and twenty others a single village.**

**The "Duck of Bavaria" pocketed \$10,000 in New York and Philadelphia by kicking up her heels.**

**Why was Santa Anna, when he said that American soldiers were cowards, like a harp struck by lightning? Because he was a blasted lyre.**

**The man who was so severely injured a few days since by the premature discharge of a pistol at Browner's stone quarry, is recovering. His name is Hagan.**

**Dan Wunder, the famous Cincinnati butcher, exhibited a beef in that city on Wednesday which weighed 3,333 pounds. It was raised in Clark county, Kentucky.**

**The Boston Bee and Philadelphia Bulletin are down upon the "Black Swan." They say "We have far better singers among our own black population, and certainly far more graceful and attractive persons."**

**The St. Louis Republican says it is computed that about 1,600 persons, mostly clerks and merchants, will leave that city this season for California.**

**They have raised a hog in Cambria county, N. Y., this season, which beats all other hogs in weight, his avoirdupois being 1,200 pounds. He was not yet got.**

**Mr. Forrest appeared at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on Monday night, before an immense audience. In his address after the performance he said that the divorce case would be carried to a higher tribunal.**

**The entire family of Mr. Jas. Curry, of Lawrenceville, Ill., were poisoned with arsenic a few days since. Two of the sufferers were not expected to live. There is a clue to the perpetration of the villainy.**

**Another vocalist, in the person of Miss Leahy, is about to make her public appearance. She is a native of Limerick, Ireland, and said to possess powers equal, at least, with Catharine Hayes.**

**British Non-Intervention.** — The dispatch of the British Minister is to Washington, which emanated from Washington, asking an explanation of the firing upon the American steamer Prometheus, in the harbor of Greytown, Nicaragua, by the Captain of the British brig Express, while it emphatically disavows and condemns the act of a subordinate in their service, as "an infraction of treaty engagements," and one which "will not admit of justification," at the same time contains a most unequivocal avowal of British Intercourse in the affairs of the small Republic of Mosquito. We give the language of the note:

"Sec. 2. That absolute arbitrary power over the lives, liberty, and property of freemen exists nowhere in a republic, not even in the United States. — For that reason, we have no confidence in your government, and we are compelled to leave it.

"Sec. 3. The right of property is before and higher than any constitutional sanction; and the right of the owner of a slave to such slave, and its increase, is the same, and as inviolable as the right of the owner of any property whatever."

Read also the fourth section.

If those provisions, so full and clear, and language so plain, are not in point certain, and violate the whole theory of the system, then the objection is that — if true — they are not, then one may well ask, "What does this language mean? what is intended?" If they mean what they say, and say what they mean as designed, comment is unnecessary. Let us apply this language to the case in hand. At the threshold we said that the right of liberty and property were involved in the proposition as before stated, to which we are strongly opposed, and as feasible, so far as we are concerned, to the extent of our power. We are told that the right of property is before and higher than any constitutional sanction; and the right of the owner of a slave to such slave, and its increase, is the same, and as inviolable as the right of the owner of any property whatever."

It would not be extremely unprofitable just now for our government to ascertain by what right the British government is mixing in the local contents of any of our American states, and in the political affairs of any of our states, — in any way — before it acts.

"Sec. 4. To anchor its vespa in the harbor of Dublin, against the oppressions of an American republic, and interfere in the political contents and domestic policy of its people, than our American government would have to do, in order to sustain that right.

"The sole object of the presence of a British ship of war, at Greytown, is to defend the town and inhabitants from aggressive attempts to deprive the Mosquito government of possession, pending a settlement by negotiation of the question relative to its future position."

It would not be extremely unprofitable just now for our government to ascertain by what right the British government is mixing in the local contents of any of our American states, and in the political affairs of any of our states, — in any way — before it acts.

"Sec. 5. That absolute arbitrary power over the lives, liberty, and property of freemen exists nowhere in a republic, not even in the United States. — For that reason, we have no confidence in your government, and we are compelled to leave it.

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## The Peasant's Sacrifice.

A TRAGEDY OF THE WAR IN SPAIN.

Although historians and poets have from all times depicted in glowing colors the horrors of war, yet few persons have any adequate conception of the social and domestic misery it produces, particularly in the countries which are the scene of campaigns. The following dreadful history is taken from valuable work—“Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abbrantais”—and presents a view of the dreadful passions called up even in the breasts of women, and the ruthless acts perpetrated by a marauding soldier. The account is given in the words of the authoress:

A regiment was sent from Burgos against a guerrilla party, under the Marquis of Villa Compo, and ordered to treat the Spaniards with the most rigorous severity, especially the inhabitants of Arguño, a little village near the famous forest of Covelada, whose deep shades, intersected only by narrow footpaths, were the resort of bandits and guerrillas. A principal feature of the whole Spanish war was the cruelty with which all our movements were notified to the insurgent chiefs, and the difficulty we experienced in procuring a spy or guide, while these, when found, proved almost uniformly treacherous. The battalion had to march through a frightful country, over rugged rocks, and crossing frozen torrents, always in dread of unforeseen and sudden dangers. They reached the village, but perceived no movement, heard no noise. Some soldiers advanced, but saw nothing—absolute solitude reigned. The officer in command, suspecting an ambush, ordered the utmost circumspection. They entered a street and arrived at an opening, where some bundles of wheat and Indian corn and a quantity of loaves, were still smoking on the ground, but consumed to a cinder, and swimming floods of wine, that had streamed from leather skins which had evidently been purposely broached, as the provisions had been burned, to prevent their falling into the hands of the French.

No sooner had the soldiers satisfied themselves that after all their toils and dangers no refreshment was to be obtained, than they roared with rage—but no vengeance was within reach. All the inhabitants had fled into the forest.

Suddenly cries were heard issuing from one of the deserted cottages, amongst which the soldiers had dispersed themselves in the hope of discovering some food or booty. They proceeded from a young woman holding a child in her arms whom the soldiers were dragging before their lieutenant.

“Stay, lieutenant,” said one of them, “here is a woman we have found sitting beside an old one, who is past speaking; question her a little.”

She was dressed in the peasant costume of the Sorin and Quioja mountains, and was pale, but not trembling.

“Why are you alone here?” said the lieutenant.

“I stayed with my grandmother, who is paralytic, and could not follow the rest to the forest,” replied she, haughtily, and as if vexed at being obliged to drop a word in presence of a Frenchman—I stayed to take care of my grandmother.”

“Why have your neighbors deserted the village?”

The Spaniard’s eye flashed fire. She fixed on the lieutenant a look of strange import, and answered—

“You know very well—were they not all to be massacred?”

The Lieutenant shrugged his shoulders.

“But why did you burn the bread and wheat and empty the wine skins?”

“That you might find nothing. As they could not carry them off, there was no alternative but burning them.”

At this moment shouts of joy arose, and the soldiers appeared carrying a number of hams, some loaves, and more welcome than all, several skins of wine—all discovered in a vault, the entrance to which was concealed by the straw the woman was lying on. The young peasant darted on them a look of infernal vengeance, while the lieutenant, who had pondered with anxiety on the destitute and sinking condition of his troops, rejoiced for a moment in the unexpected supply. But the recent poisoning of several cisterns, and other fearful examples, putting him on his guard, again interrogated the woman:

“Whence came these provisions?”

“They are all the same as those we burnt. We concealed them for our friends.”

“Is your husband with yonder brigands? My husband is in Heaven!” said she, lifting up her eyes. “He died for the good cause—that of God and King Ferdinand.”

“Have you any brother among them?”

“I have no longer a tie, excepting my poor child, and she pressed the infant to her breast. The poor little creature was thin and sallow; but its large black eyes glistened as they turned to its mother.”

“Commander,” exclaimed one of the soldiers, “pray order divisions of the boar to us, for we are very hungry and devilish thirsty.”

“One moment, my children. Listen, said he, eyeing the woman with suspicious inquisition—these provisions are good, I hope?”

“How could they be otherwise?” replied the Spaniard, contemptuously—they were not for you.”

“Well, here’s to thy health, then, Demona,” said a young sub-lieutenant, opening one of the skins, and preparing for a draught. But his more prudent commander still restrained him.

“One moment. Since this wine is good you will not object to a glass?”

“Oh, dear! no! as much as you please, and accepting the mess-glass offered by the lieutenant, she emptied it without hesitation.

“Huzzah!” shouted the soldiers, delighted at the prospect of intoxication without danger.

“And your child will drink some also, said the lieutenant—he is so pale that it will do him good.”

The Spaniard had herself drunk without hesitation, but in holding the cup to her infant’s lips, her hand trembled. The motion, however, was unperceived, and the child also emptied his glass.

Thereupon the provision soon disappeared, and all partook both of food and wine. Suddenly, however, the infant was observed to turn livid, its features contracted,

and its mouth convulsed with agony, gave vent to hideous shrieks. The mother, too, though her fortitude suppressed complaint could scarcely stand, and her distorted features betrayed her sufferings.

“Wretched!” exclaimed the commander, “thou hast poisoned us!”

“Yes!” said she, with a ghastly smile, falling to the ground beside her child, already struggling with the death-rattle; “yes—I have poisoned you! I knew you would fetch the skins from their hiding place. Was it likely you would leave a dying creature undisturbed by her litter? Yes, yes—you will die, and die in prediction, while I shall die and go to heaven!”

Her last words were scarcely audible and the soldiers did not at first comprehend the full horror of their situation—but as the poison operated, the Spanish woman’s declaration was legibly translated in her convulsed features. No power could longer restrain them. In vain their commander interposed. They repulsed him—and, dragging their expiring victim by the hair to the torrent, threw her into it, after lacerating her with more than a hundred sabre strokes. She uttered not a groan. As for the child, it was the first victim.

Twenty-two men were destroyed by this exploit, which I cannot call otherwise than great and heroic. The commander himself told me that he escaped by a miracle.

Two men were destroyed by this exploit, which I cannot call otherwise than great and heroic. The commander himself told me that he escaped by a miracle.

They reached the village, but perceived no movement, heard no noise. Some soldiers advanced, but saw nothing—absolute solitude reigned. The officer in command, suspecting an ambush, ordered the utmost circumspection. They entered a street and arrived at an opening, where some bundles of wheat and Indian corn and a quantity of loaves, were still smoking on the ground, but consumed to a cinder, and swimming floods of wine, that had streamed from leather skins which had evidently been purposely broached, as the provisions had been burned, to prevent their falling into the hands of the French.

No sooner had the soldiers satisfied themselves that after all their toils and dangers no refreshment was to be obtained, than they roared with rage—but no vengeance was within reach. All the inhabitants had fled into the forest.

Suddenly cries were heard issuing from one of the deserted cottages, amongst which the soldiers had dispersed themselves in the hope of discovering some food or booty. They proceeded from a young woman holding a child in her arms whom the soldiers were dragging before their lieutenant.

“Stay, lieutenant,” said one of them, “here is a woman we have found sitting beside an old one, who is past speaking; question her a little.”

She was dressed in the peasant costume of the Sorin and Quioja mountains, and was pale, but not trembling.

“Why are you alone here?” said the lieutenant.

“I stayed with my grandmother, who is paralytic, and could not follow the rest to the forest,” replied she, haughtily, and as if vexed at being obliged to drop a word in presence of a Frenchman—I stayed to take care of my grandmother.”

“Why have your neighbors deserted the village?”

The Spaniard’s eye flashed fire. She fixed on the lieutenant a look of strange import, and answered—

“You know very well—were they not all to be massacred?”

The Lieutenant shrugged his shoulders.

“But why did you burn the bread and wheat and empty the wine skins?”

“That you might find nothing. As they could not carry them off, there was no alternative but burning them.”

At this moment shouts of joy arose, and the soldiers appeared carrying a number of hams, some loaves, and more welcome than all, several skins of wine—all discovered in a vault, the entrance to which was concealed by the straw the woman was lying on. The young peasant darted on them a look of infernal vengeance, while the lieutenant, who had pondered with anxiety on the destitute and sinking condition of his troops, rejoiced for a moment in the unexpected supply. But the recent poisoning of several cisterns, and other fearful examples, putting him on his guard, again interrogated the woman:

“Whence came these provisions?”

“They are all the same as those we burnt. We concealed them for our friends.”

“Is your husband with yonder brigands? My husband is in Heaven!” said she, lifting up her eyes. “He died for the good cause—that of God and King Ferdinand.”

“Have you any brother among them?”

“I have no longer a tie, excepting my poor child, and she pressed the infant to her breast. The poor little creature was thin and sallow; but its large black eyes glistened as they turned to its mother.”

“Commander,” exclaimed one of the soldiers, “pray order divisions of the boar to us, for we are very hungry and devilish thirsty.”

“One moment, my children. Listen, said he, eyeing the woman with suspicious inquisition—these provisions are good, I hope?”

“How could they be otherwise?” replied the Spaniard, contemptuously—they were not for you.”

“Well, here’s to thy health, then, Demona,” said a young sub-lieutenant, opening one of the skins, and preparing for a draught. But his more prudent commander still restrained him.

“One moment. Since this wine is good you will not object to a glass?”

“Oh, dear! no! as much as you please, and accepting the mess-glass offered by the lieutenant, she emptied it without hesitation.

“Huzzah!” shouted the soldiers, delighted at the prospect of intoxication without danger.

“And your child will drink some also, said the lieutenant—he is so pale that it will do him good.”

The Spaniard had herself drunk without hesitation, but in holding the cup to her infant’s lips, her hand trembled. The motion, however, was unperceived, and the child also emptied his glass.

Thereupon the provision soon disappeared, and all partook both of food and wine. Suddenly, however, the infant was observed to turn livid, its features contracted,

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